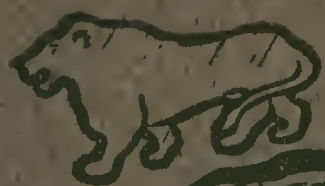


Vol 2 no 6



**CENTER
OF
VISION**

MARCH 1904

Exchanges.

The purpose of an exchange column—mutual benefit gained by just criticism and encouraging commendation—is well defended by the editor of that department in the Jabberwock. And from their suggestions we recommend the following:—

That careful reviews of a few papers be given each month, rather than superficial criticisms of a long list of exchanges. Tell “why they are good.”

That less space be given to publishing a mere catalogue of exchanges received—since it is a sufficient recognition of a paper to send one in return.

Also, an excellent stimulus to school spirit toward the paper is this plan they have adopted: To post in a public place clippings from other papers showing their opinions of their contemporaries. These, together with the exchanges, would stir the school to take a personal interest in the success of their paper.

The efforts of the K. H. S. Echo, Danielson, Conn., are meeting with great success. The articles in its February number are varied in subject and show literary ability and careful research. That on liquid air is interesting in the practical purposes in which this great discovery may be used by our American industry.

A striking contrast is drawn between the types of success wrought by England's greatest queens—Elizabeth and Victoria.

The editorials show an interest in all events of the school.

The cover designs of the Bridgeport Student are always artistic. But the figure in the valentine number greatly exceeds even the extreme height of the Greek's “daughter of the Gods—divinely tall.”

“The Boy Who Wanted to Be King” ends with a moral climax which should be realized more fully by freedom and power-loving people of a great republic.

The Senior, Westerly, R. I., has lately come among us. It has all the departments of a school paper, but in the form of a four-page newspaper. The material would have a better appearance if published in smaller form with a cover.

We are glad to welcome the Stator, Corning, N. Y. It is unusually good in the number and quality of its witticisms. “Flakes Caught on the Fly” gives good mottoes as well as being only too true to human nature.

The Classicum ranks high among our exchanges in literary merit. The drama of Goliath enters into the spirit of the Bible narrative with great dramatic expression.

Special mention will be made of other exchanges next month.

Center of Vision.

VOL. II.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, MARCH, 1904.

No. 6.

The CENTER OF VISION is published by the pupils of the Massachusetts Normal Art School, on the third Saturday of every month during the school year, and only important news matter can be received after the 10th of the month. Matter for insertion may be left with any of the editorial staff, or mailed to the editor at the Normal Art School. In contributing, write on one side of the paper only, and sign full name (this is for reference only).

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We are beginning to be encouraged. We feel that the CENTER OF VISION is at last becoming appreciated to some degree. More people are taking an interest in its progress. The teachers, as well as the students, are beginning to realize that they have some responsibility in the matter. The article by Mr. Jepson this month we hope will be but the first of many entertaining and instructive talks by our teachers, several of whom have already promised to write.

We have received a great deal of favorable comment, and wishes for success from our graduates. Next month we shall give them an opportunity to give us some practical support. The April number will be an alumni number. All graduates of the school are invited to contribute articles, notes, illustrations, and,—cover designs. If any one knows of the whereabouts of any of the graduates, please send the information to the editor.



If you notice any funny incident that happens in the school, or obtain a good idea for the paper, do not save it till the tenth, but write it down at once, and drop it in the box. Remember to write your name and class on the paper (for reference only).



Almost every school in the country is now deep in the throes of preparation for the St. Louis Exposition. The exhibit of this school, although necessarily allotted but a small space, will, we are sure, very favorably compare with exhibits from similar schools. If you are so fortunate as to attend the fair, do not overlook it.



The advent of a thief in our school last month has left a moral. Greater attention should be paid to the security of the lockers. Had it not been for the watchfulness of our faithful janitor the lesson might have been more forcibly impressed on at least a few of our schoolmates.



The faculty dance, which soon is to take place, is the real function of the school year. If the Glee Club should make its first appearance on this occasion, the event will be of greater moment than ever. Let everybody come.



MARCH.

With rushing winds and gloomy skies,
The dark and stubborn winter dies,
Far-off, unseen, spring faintly cries,
Bidding her earliest child arise.

—From Heath.

The Toilers.

And it happened that a company of youths and maidens were gathered in the broad, green fields at the foot of a mountain. They were glad and made merry, for the sun shone bright, a gentle breeze fanned their faces, in the woods the birds sang joyously and——it was still early in the day.

And they said, each to the other: "It is good to live! How fair the heavens! How sweet the fragrant flowers! How melodious all the sounds of nature! We will accomplish much, for before the setting of the sun we shall have reached yonder mountain-top!"

"It is far," sighed one.

"But see, the day is yet young," answered another, "courage!"

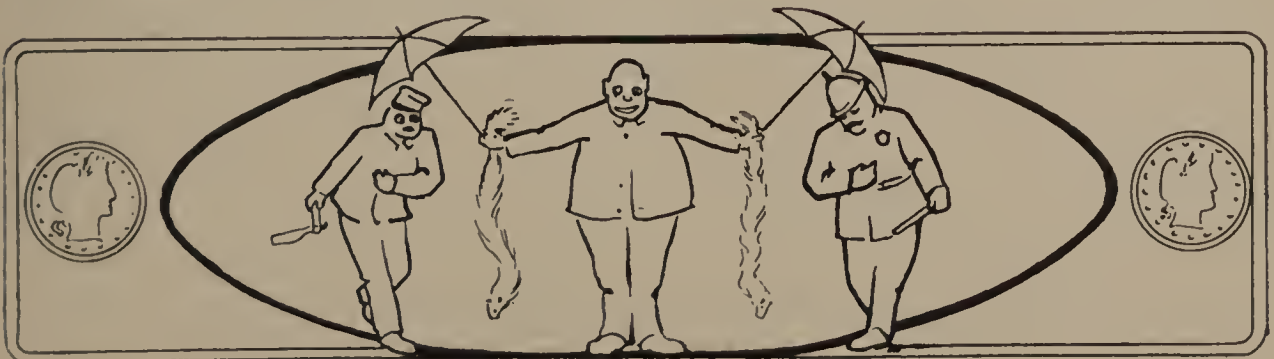
And they journeyed on.

Presently when the sun was high in the heavens, they stopped where luscious berries abounded by a babbling brook, and drank of the clear waters.

And some there were who said, "Let us go on while we are refreshed," but others murmured, saying, "Nay, let us not toil during the heat of the day, but let us rest yet awhile."

And some remained, but others pushed onward and upward, and the way became less pleasant, for the mountain side was now bare of all vegetation. A few looked backward and gazed regretfully upon the pleasant woods far below, but these were cheered by their comrades, who said: "Be not faint-hearted. Look up! There is our destination, and let us make speed, for the sun hath well-nigh run his appointed course," and looking upon the mountain crest, wrapped in the radiance of the dying sun, they forgot the painful, stony path, until, well-nigh spent, but with exultant hearts, they attained the goal; and here were others, who also had toiled, through the heat and burden of the day, who awaited them, and there was great rejoicing, and the stars came out, and the glory of the stars was theirs.

—Aemir.



As It Befell Them.

III.

During the winter months the Four did not accomplish much, but with the return of spring all their enthusiasm was aroused, and they returned to their sketching with renewed vigor.

Again and again they presented themselves and their work to Mr. Cross, and as many times their sketches were rejected. They redoubled their efforts, but, despite the fact they felt that they were improving, they despaired of ever being able to please their instructor.

One sunshiny day the girls set off on a jaunt.

"Do let's go to the public garden just for a minute," pleaded the Hopefully Inclined. "It will do your heart good to see and smell the flowers. It's just splendid after so many bleak and icy days."

They accordingly directed their steps thither, and, soon succumbing to the influence of the balmy air, lazily watched the life about them.

They could have sung aloud for joy. It was good just to be alive and become a part of this most wonderful day. A bird on the wing, the graceful sway of a blossom, the gentle ruffle on the water's surface, the fitful whispering of the leaves, all filled them with unutterable joy.

They did not remain inactive long, for the Hopefully Inclined suddenly clutched at the Solemn One's sleeve.

"Look!" she whispered, "look at that man on the seat opposite. I must sketch him."

He was ragged and ill-kempt, and tired, too, for his eyes were closed and his head drooped.

Hopeful sketched away. Suddenly the man opened his eyes. He saw the girl looking at him intently, and his face took on an ugly expression. He glared savagely and rose.

"I'm afraid of him," the Sensitive Girl whispered fearfully.

"We must go along, girls," said the Sensitive Girl, "or we'll never accomplish anything to-day."

On reaching their destination, the Hopefully Inclined said, "I just want to lie here in the warm grass, and wink and blink at the sun and dream day dreams."

"Which is hardly practical," replied the Solemn One, "when your main object is to paint a chef-d'oeuvre this afternoon."

"I suppose so," sighed Hopeful, as she rose reluctantly.

As they were about to cross a small stream, the Irrepressible slipped on the wet grass and sat down gracefully in the brooklet.

Happily, not much harm was done, but her feelings were decidedly ruffled, and she answered stiffly, "For the fun of it, of course," to the Sensitive Girl's gasping, "Why did you do that?"

They sat in the shade of a huge tree and sketched. Far off, near the horizon, some cattle peacefully grazed.

"Now I wonder," said Hopeful, "if I might put those cows in my sketch."

"Provided one could guess what they were," said the Sensitive Girl.

"That's easily done," chimed in the Solemn One. "Around the neck of each have a placard with these words, 'I am a cow.'"

"Now that solves a problem for me," interrupted Irrepressible. "Mr. Cross doesn't want me to represent grass by green paint. I can experiment with color, and then have 'Please keep off the grass' in the foreground, as a gentle reminder that it is grass, you know."

The most exciting incident of this day's outing occurred when the cows, so picturesque in the distance, began to wander in the direction of the Four.

"I like cows," remarked the Sensitive Girl. "On the other side of the fence," she amended, and proceeded to climb over, followed by the Solemn One and Irrepressible.

Hopeful painted away frantically, in order to finish her sketch. It was only when the harmless animals were almost upon her that she made a wild scramble for the fence.

Poised for one moment on the rail, she lost her footing and tumbled over. Luckily no bones were broken. Thereupon the Solemn One bowed pleasantly in the direction of the trees, and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, the interesting acrobatic feat which you have just witnessed was performed by Hopefully Inclined, not only a celebrated tight-rope walker, but a rising artist, as well. Ladies and gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure, etc."

The following day they submitted their sketches to Mr. Cross, and, to their intense surprise and gratification, their work was accepted.

They hurried off to a secluded spot where they might be just as happy and undignified as they pleased.

"Of course I did my best, but I never thought he would take mine," said the Four.

Five minutes later a timid Freshman was inquiring if it was "very, very hard" to get through the B Perspective.

"Naw, dead easy," replied the Irrepressible with nonchalance.

[End.]

An Art Alphabet.

A the first letter, and first artist, too,
Angelo, greatest the world ever knew.

B Botticelli, the first one to paint
The Greek gods and heroes as well as the saint.

C cheery Corot, of poetic power,
Who loved the gray dawn and the dim twilight hour.

D urer, "the father of Germany's school,"
Ranks first for his skill with th' engraver's tool.

E the van Eycks, who took the chief part
In moulding the style of old Flemish art.

F stands for Fra Bartolommeo true,
Who gave composition an impetus new.

G ainsborough's figures showed charm, grace, and ease,
That many a beautiful lady did please.

H stands for Hals, whose brush sure and bold
With great truth and humor his nation's life told.

I ctinus, with great Calicrates, did plan
The most perfect building erected by man.

J uan de Juanes who fasted and prayed
Whenever a Biblical theme he essayed.

K is for Kauffman—"Miss Angel," some say,
Who, with one other woman, became an R. A.

L eonardo, than whom none is found
With genius more great, joined with mind so profound.

M stands for Monet, impressionist bold,
Who catches the warmth of the sunlight's pure gold.

N is for Nattier, whose chief merit lies
In his famous court beauties in mythical guise.

O is Orcagna, whose genius ne'er cools,
Though his work shows the lack of perspective's first rules.

P peerless Phidias, sculptor of old
At whose touch life sprang into marble or gold.

Q Spanish Querol, whose statues combine
Modern life and exuberance with pure classic line.

R stands for Rembrandt, whose life study made
Him the master of light and of shade.

S is for Sargent, whose portraits are known
For Velasquez-like breadth of treatment that's shown.

Titian in color none e'er could excel,
And in each branch of art he did almost as well.

Uccello remarked that "perspective is sweet,"
But he never made a certificate sheet.

V for Velasquez, the realist great,
Whose "atmosphere" true we may well emulate.

Whistler felt music in color and line,
Till each picture is filled with a beauty divine.

X is the exception, an artist to be,
Perhaps 'twill be you, and perhaps 'twill be me.

Y is for Yvon; war pictures he made
At the seat of the strife in Crimea, 'tis said.

Z is for Zeuxis, whose fame was complete,
When he painted such grapes that the birds came to eat.

Talks by Teachers.

Mr. George Jepson.

As an old student of the M. N. A. S., I am requested by the editor of the CENTER OF VISION to write something about the school. I have much pleasure in stating that I attended the school as a student in the attic rooms, No. 1 Pemberton square, which, as is well known, was the school's first home. It has also been stated frequently how the school became established by an act of the legislature, which act was brought about by that progressive spirit always shown by the citizens of Massachusetts in the cause of education.

At the time the school was in its infancy, I have no doubt that it was considered by many people as a fad in education. Measured by results, time has proven that those persons were mistaken.

At the time that this school was established similar schools in Europe had been established for years, especially in France, where the American of to-day goes to finish his artistic education.

I am well aware that this school was established on industrial lines. At the same time this and similar schools must necessarily develop the artistic, as well as the industrial side. I remember well, twenty-five years ago, seeing such schemes of design in wall paper that to look upon them were somewhat embarrassing. For instance, the wall of a rather expensive house was papered by wall paper representing farms, the farms being colored in most realistic colors. Now we all know that farms are horizontal, but here was a vertical wall covered with farm after farm. It seemed to the writer that it would be just as reasonable to make a carpet and ornament it with thistles so real that a person would have some scruples about stepping upon it, especially without one's shoes.

Such schools as the M. N. A. S. have made such conditions as these almost impossible to-day, which proves that the masses have been educated to a better appreciation of the harmonious and beautiful in general.

I feel safe in stating that we in this country have made more rapid strides, especially in the industries (and that was the primary object for which this school was established), than any other country in the world.

About twenty-five years ago the writer witnessed an electric car in the streets of Boston that was being driven in a very crude manner by making the electrical connection in a groove in the streets, and a copper brush attached to the car. To-day the connection is made by an overhead wire, which should be much improved in the near future. The

point I wish to make is this, that long inside thirty years after our first failure with the copper brush connection, we are sending, and have equipped successfully the majority of cars driven by electricity in most of the largest cities in Europe, if not in the world. I am not writing that this is due to art schools and art museums, but to the broad, liberal education that the people of our great land may get by simply asking for it. The M. N. A. S., to which I have the honor to belong, in addition to giving industrial education, gives a most liberal art education, and points with some pride to such sculptors as McNeil, a Charlestown boy who has earned a national reputation; also Herbert Adams, who has just erected a statue within a short distance of his alma mater, who has also made a great reputation. The statue referred to is Channing, at the corner of Arlington and Boylston streets. One in particular, a Mr. Brewster, has obtained much recognition in his art as a sculptor.

Among the painters are such men as Robert Vonnoh, A. H. Munsell, Hamilton, Will Robinson, Walter Dean, Wallace Bryant, Will Taylor, and many others.

Many of our past graduates are now the leading spirits in similar schools in many large cities of the country, i. e., New York, Brooklyn, Chicago, Denver, Cleveland, Philadelphia, and other cities. I have watched the development of the school under the wise and democratic management of its principal, who has just changed the course from three to four years, and it is his intention to introduce more manual training into the course, also steel construction in the architectural work, in future, so much so that a graduate from the so-called scientific class C may be able to teach manual training in addition to his ability to teach drawing.

Since the inauguration of this school, manual training has become a part of our common school education; therefore, it does seem wise that a normal school, such as ours, should fit the student to teach both the drawing and making of the object.

A department of arts and crafts, which was added about a year ago, is now overflowing with students, mostly past graduates. The school being in session Saturday, gives the students the desired opportunity.

The school and its graduates should, and I think do, fully appreciate the great advantages that the good state of Massachusetts has given them.



Photo by Mr. George Jepson.

Departments of our School. No. 4.

Charcoal drawing is used as a means to an end by most of the great masters. The great mural decorators made very careful drawings from life and then worked their large decorations from these drawings. Puvis de Chavannes and W. M. Hunt used it a great deal.

In our school, after leaving the famous soap boxes, the student has his attention turned to the study of light and shade in charcoal. After the "grind" of the first year, he is passed on into the drawing and painting classes, where he continues his work in this medium, drawing from the antique figure and life. It is a very convenient medium, and is the nearest to painting yet discovered. One naturally leaves the burnt stick and takes up the brush.

There are as many different ways of handling the medium as there are people who use it, and almost all are good. Some rub it into the paper and make it look like a monochrome painting, others paint on the charcoal dust with a brush, and still others draw with the stick and do not rub it at all. If one is inclined to limit the field of a medium it seems that the last mentioned way is the best. Very beautiful drawings can be made this way, and when completed one sees at a glance what medium was used. The student will find charcoal his best friend in composition work, especially when by working the common colored chalks into it he is able to accomplish very clever designs.



Mother—"Tommy, what's the matter with your little brother?"

Tommy—"He's crying because I'm eating my cake and won't give him any."

Mother—"Is his own cake finished?"

Tommy—"Yes'm, and he cried while I was eating that, too."—Ex.

What men want is not talent, it is purpose; not the power to achieve but the will to labor.—Bulwer.

When a sinner has reformed, don't make yourself a grave digger to unearth his past.—Stator.

Most of us have trusted to luck so often that there ought to be a good deal owing us.—Stator.

Tommy—"Isn't it funny that on the railroad it's the freight and not the steam that makes the cargo."—Ex.

Because a girl puts on a coat when going out she is not necessarily a painter.—Stator.

Memories.

How well you remember your first day in this school. You had heard of the Massachusetts Normal Art School in an indefinite sort of way, associating it rather vaguely with the Conservatory of Music and the College of Oratory, as a place where special teachers come from.

You had sent for a catalogue. You had looked over the entrance requirements, had gone to the most influential man you knew for a "certificate of good moral character," had obtained from your family physician a document which proved you to be in good health, had brought out your high school diploma from its resting place in the bureau drawer, and on the day of the first exam. you had started with these and no little lingering dread, for the school.

You had been told to leave the car at the corner of Boylston and Exeter streets. You did so, and glancing about at the four imposing buildings on the four corners of Exeter and Newbury streets, where your catalogue said the school was located, you picked out the most artistic looking one and approached the steps. There you hesitated, half-minded to go back, for as you saw the confidence with which the young people who ran up the steps opened the door and disappeared within, you felt like a stranger in a strange land.

But your hesitation was only for a moment; you plucked up your courage and entered. What a hubbub greeted you! The corridor was crowded, every one was talking and laughing, and every one seemed to know everyone else. You felt stranger than ever, but just then a good angel approached with, "Were you waiting to take the exams.? They're up on the third floor. Come, I'll show you the way." How you blessed her as you followed.

Up on the third floor were two drab-colored rooms, separated by a low partition. In each of them was a crowd of people at work. You were late, it seems. In one of them you found room to work. A young man with a shock of fluffy hair gave you a piece of paper and a stick of charcoal, and told you to draw the cast hanging on the wall. You wondered if he were a student or a teacher, but you turned your attention to the cast. It was a gigantic eye. "Oh, horrors, I never can do that," you sighed, but you laid your paper on the desk and started in. The paper was too big for the desk and you wished you had brought a drawing board. But you continued to struggle on that cast. At the end of several hours, as it seemed to you, you stopped to rest. You had been dodging about to see over those in front. You wished the girls would take off their hats, but you didn't dare ask them. You looked at the

drawing of your right-hand neighbor. It was fine, every little detail was shown, even the cracks in the wall. Don't you wish yours was as good as that? Then you looked at your left-hand neighbor's work, and you felt encouraged. Her paper was just covered with broad smudges of charcoal, dark here and light there, she hadn't begun to bring out the details. You saw "fluffy" standing in the doorway, talking to a tall man with pompadour hair and a stiff moustache, which he stroked as he talked with a slight drawl. You wondered if they were both teachers, and which one you would have. You thought you'd like the fluffy one best, he looked so jolly. But you were not sure. The tall one looked promising, too. But then you weren't sure you would pass the exams., so you went to work again.

Finally, you got your drawing to a stage where you could not see anything else to do to it. It didn't look just the way you wanted it, but you didn't see what was the matter. You touched up this place, and that, and you were glad when you heard a bell ring, a regular dinner bell, and "fluffy" said that the exam. was done, that the second exam. would begin at nine o'clock to-morrow, and that you had better bring drawing boards.

You felt relieved. You left your paper where it was and started out. You had a chance to peek in some of the other rooms, and glanced timidly at the pictures and statues that you saw on your way down stairs. It made you wonder, too, at the noisy conversation that was carried on by the older students. You had heard them all the time you were taking the exams., and you had thought they must have queer rules in this school to allow that during working hours. But then you thought, "The school may not be really started yet. When it is things will be different." And with this thought you ended your first day at M. N. A. S.



"Laugh, and the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep alone;
For the sad old earth needs all your mirth,
But has troubles enough of its own."—Selected.

Jack—"Do they refer to the Law School as their Alma Mater?"

Sam—"No, they call it their mother-in-law."

—Ex.

Mrs. Brown—"So your boy is at college now!"

Mrs. Malaprop—"Yes, indeed, he is! His professor says he is a regular genesis." (What a revelation!)

Art News.

Laura M. Marceau.

"Perfect taste is the faculty for receiving the greatest possible pleasure from those material sources which are attractive to our moral nature in its purity and perfection."—Ruskin.

The exhibition of the "ten American artists," specifically the little group of impressionists, of whom Messrs. De Camp, Tarbell, Benson are honored members, will open at the Durand-Ruel galleries, New York, on April 2.

A meeting of the pupils of the late Leon Gerome was held recently in New York, and resolutions were drawn up expressive of veneration for the deceased master and of sympathy for the bereaved family.

Library Art lectures—March 31, "The Beginnings of Gothic," William R. Ware; April 7, "Royal Buildings of the Renaissance," J. Randolph Coolidge, Jr.; April 14, "The Gothic Ascendency," Ralph Adams Cram.

An exhibition is in progress in Cleveland, of pictures of Frank W. Benson.

Let no one miss the Whistler memorial exhibition at Copley hall. It is a big success.

See the Architectural Record for an article on the Copley memorial exhibition, by Kenyon Cox.

The special catalogue and guide to the exhibition of the Liber Studiorum of J. M. W. Turner has appeared. It is an exceedingly valuable contribution to Turnerian literature.

It is stated that a successful death mask of the late Senator Hanna was taken by the Washington sculptor, W. S. J. Dunbar.

The date set for the opening of the exhibition of works by members of the International Society of Painters and Gravers, which will be seen at the Boston Art Club, is April 3. The collection will be here three weeks. This is the society, it will be remembered, of which Whistler was president at his death. Its present chief executive is the sculptor, Rodin.

An installation of works by Oriental impressionists is in progress at the Museum of Fine Arts.

Boston Public Library—Whistler exhibition.

Museum of Fine Arts—Turner's Liber Studiorum.

St. Botolph Club—Paintings by Mr. Tarbell.

Exhibitions which are posted in the school, as a rule, are not repeated in this column.

The Secrets of Success.

As I was chewing my pencil the other day, and racking my brains for something to write for my monthly page, I picked up some papers lying before me and idly glanced them over. They were some quotations the Spectator had given me one day when I had been feeling rather blue, and I had never read them. As I did so now, it struck me that they might be of help to some of you, so here they are.—Uncle Martin.

Don't worry.

"You only intensify and hasten the discord, and at the same time you take from the present those forces which should be employed in the present, and which would fortify you against the anticipated failure."—Dorothy Quigley.

Believe in your ability to succeed.

"Disabuse your mind of the belief that there is anything too good for you. Place the work of your ambition high, and always hold it in view, no matter how crushing the influences brought to bear against it. You will soon be where your aspiration always is."—Ibid.

"Make drudgery an art."

"Every task that we master adds to our reserve fund of strength and spiritual force. Every task that masters us depletes our spiritual force and decreases our strength of character."—Ibid.

Don't repeat the same failure.

"Success don't konsist in never makin' blunders, but in never makin' the same one twict."—Josh Billings.

Be earnest.

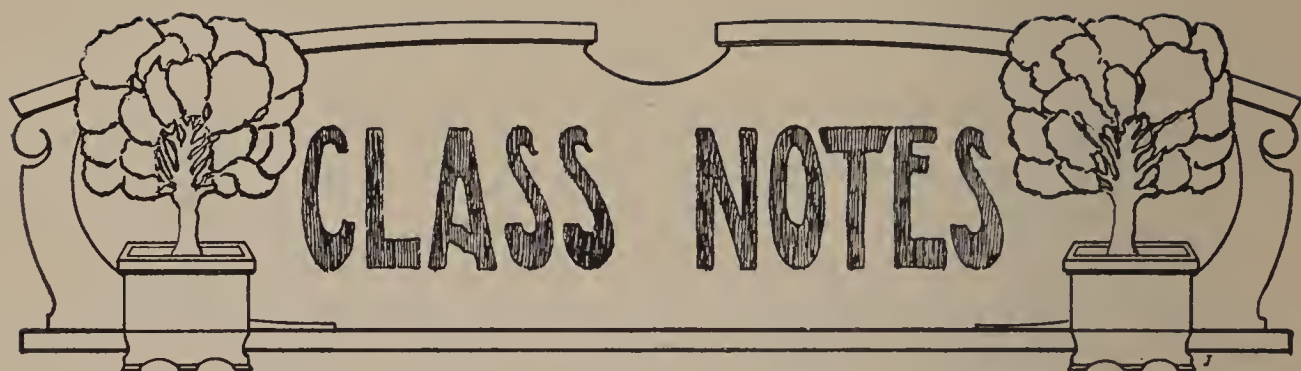
"Concentrate your mind with unwavering effort on whatever you do. Preoccupied attention in your own affairs is the best and most effective answer to importunate frivolers, who absorb your strength, vitality, and time."—Dorothy Quigley.

Love your work.

"If you are dissatisfied with what you do, you have less power of attracting successful conditions than if you love your work. Get into harmony with it. Master it! Others have done so—you can!"—Ibid.

Forget your failures.

"There is not a single redeeming feature in these memories, and the presence of these ghosts will rob you of many a happy hour. There is nothing valuable in them. Wipe them out of your mind forever. Forget them. Do not cherish shadows. They must get out and give place to the sunshine."—Editor Success.



Olive Gage.

1904.

Belle Cameron.

The pupils will be delighted to learn that our beloved comrade, "The Gorgon," is again to honor our school with her presence.

'Tis not always safe for "Old Nick" to ask the whereabouts of the dear departed.

Last Monday's rain storm reminded us of April showers and that "Winter" is nearly over; but in Class D one would think it just beginning. Ask Florence.

The other day a student tried to commit suicide (?) by tumbling down the cellar stairs, thus causing her instructor and classmates great alarm. On emerging from the depths below, she said, blushing, "I 'Meant-Sir,' to get some clay."

There was no one at the bottom to catch her, either. Sad!

When bouncing out of a doorway to scare a small youth, be sure there is no Mr. George behind him.

Moved and seconded that Higgins keep away from Dante and the plaster barrel.

Cohen, please ask Miss Wyeth for a piece of wire.

Gymnastics are not good for tonsilitis, are they, Walter?

Who put her in?

Oh, what a sin!

Who let her out?

Gracie did, no doubt!

Knock and it shall be opened unto you.—B —.

'How many 'git' it?"

Did everyone see the hump on Elsie's back?

We are especially favored by having two newspaper reporters.

Assistants wanted. Apply to "Freddy" and "Stutty."

Interesting news will be furnished by the Trio.

Laura Marceau.

1905.

Rosamond Coolidge.

In addition to continually pursuing, waylaying, and jogging the memory of individuals with respect to class notes, must the editors get down on their marrows and beg? In the name of pride for your class-note column, why this scarcity of news? Beloved fellow-students, you have "eyes that see not and ears that hear not" (or are too lazy to). It is your solemn duty to report the interesting sayings and happenings of your studio. "Step lively, please."

Little girl, to teacher at settlement school—"If you please, Lizzie can't come to school to-day, 'cause she's got to mind a puppy down our way."

Artist—"The old masters mixed their colors with brains."

Young lady art student—"Oh, how cruel!"

Miss D-w-on is compiling a new "Jungle Book." The first tale deals with the interesting elephant whose "mother was a kangaroo."

Miss S-o-t, objecting to the color of the wall in her composition, ingeniously covered the whole with ivy leaves. Clever girl!

Popular question—"Do you feel 'measle-y' at all?"

When you get tired of being yourself borrow your neighbor's school membership slip, or masquerade in her guise.

A certain studio lives two lives. Watch the changing sign on closed door.

Center of attraction. Victim of leap year in magic ring. Did he look happy?

The Girls Come, the Girls Go.

A Long Ways After Longfellow.

The girls come, the girls go.

The cocoa's cooling,

The soup is low;

Along the aisle belated men

Clench their dough, but ever again

The girls come, the girls go.

The girls come, the girls go.

"How nice it is

To enjoy food so!"

The starving men fall 'neath their feet,

The counter's clear, there's naught to eat;

And the girls come, the girls go.

—Jack.

Anne Rogers.

1906.

Frank Allen.

Indignant Charwoman (industriously scrubbing the studio floor)—
 “Dese mischvous chillen am de beatenest. Dey gone make chalk marks
 all ober de floh.”

Belated pupil (entering aghast)—“Oh, dear! What are you doing?
 You rubbed out the marks we made to show where our easels ought to
 go. Now we’ll have to find them again.”

Do not be surprised to see a fortune teller’s tent at the end of Class
 B corridor with the sign:—

MADAME GRAVES,
 FORTUNE TELLER.
 PRESENT, PAST, AND FUTURE.
 ALL FOR TEN CENTS.

Let us not say: “Had a crit on my comp to-day.” It sounds so
 facetious.

Miss Ripley (hunting for something to model)—“Has any one a
 lion?”

Students, in chorus—“No.”

Miss Ripley—“Well, is any one a lyin’?”

The perspective class would give a lot to know what Mr. Cross tells
 the blackboard during his lectures.

Sssshhhhhh!!!!; “”;.,!!! Frankie Marshall is going to speak!!

Doesn’t anyone miss Ritchie, and the tricks he was always up to?
 Where is he, anyway?

Among the beautiful pictures

That hang on the studio wall,

Is one by a fellow named ??????,

And it takes the prize of them all.

(See sketch by Whistler in Major’s studio.)

Heard by the doorway: “Honest now, old man, I’m not under the
 weather, am I? No three sheets in the wind?”

“No; why?”

“Well, yesterday I saw Miss Hoyt twice at the same time, and to-day
 there is Miss Boorem duplicated. What’s next?”

Somebody please guess why Miss Holcomb is like a Presbyterian.

Lucy Choate Pew.

1907.

Helen Lyon.

We're back to charcoal. What a shame! Oh, I am glad.

Someone had to be found yesterday, she was lost in going from water color to charcoal.

We are indebted to a Freshman for the following yell:—

Normal Art girls are pretty,
 Normal Art girls are nice.
 But when it comes to painting,
 We all can cut some ice.
 Sis, boom, bah. Rah! Rah! Rah!
 Normal Art, A-r-t Art, Art.
 Normal Art. Rah! Rah! Rah!

Our president must be sick, we have had no class meeting; probably he has forgotten since his promotion to B floor.

—Uncle Joe.

Have you had your geometry certificate sheet accepted yet?

Those who are on the second floor have found out that Class A is not the only class that makes a noise.

Just think of all the one hundreds there will be in the perspective exam.

CHINESE MAXIMS.

The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness.

For he who does everything in its proper time, one day is worth three.

Time flies like an arrow, days and months like a weaver's shuttle.

" 'Tis but a short time to June; what have you got to show for it?"

BE STRONG.

Be strong,
 We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,
 We have hard work to do and loads to lift.
 Shun not the struggle, face it;
 'Tis God's gift.

—From Wisdom.

Lives of students all remind us,
 We should pay no heed to looks,
 But on passing, leave behind us
 Lists of "good" perspective books.

—Mack.


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